

HENRY J. PATRICK

AN APPRECIATION

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Henry J. Patrick



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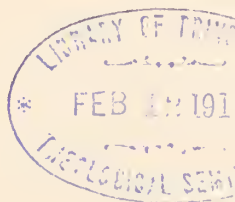


HENRY J. PATRICK

AN APPRECIATION

BY

JAY T. STOCKING



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THE occasion of the address which constitutes this little volume is stated in the opening paragraph. It was delivered at the Friday evening meeting of the Central Congregational Church, October 29, 1909. With some abridgment it was repeated at the Memorial Service in West Newton, Sunday, November 28. With few additions it appears here in its original form.

I could well wish that a memorial to Dr. Patrick should be written by one who knew him longer than I, but the reception that this little appreciation of him has received has led me to think that I have not gone far wrong in my judgments or been misled by my love for him.

JAY T. STOCKING.

NEWTONVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

December 6, 1909.

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THE vacation bell had scarcely ceased to ring last summer when the message came that at mid-day of July sixteenth, a bright, sunny day as was befitting, the glorious spirit of Dr. Patrick had taken its flight to the more glorious country toward which his face had been so consistently set for more than fourscore years. The services were held, as they should have been, in the beloved church at West Newton, of which he had remained the pastor emeritus for fifteen years. The occasion, as well as the too scant opportunity for preparation, forbade any extended or adequate review of his life. Few of this congregation were able to be present to pay their

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tribute. I therefore announced at the time that in the autumn, in this church, I should speak more fully of his life and work. Nothing could be more fitting than that we should have such a service. His connection with the beginnings of this church, coupled with his residence among us for these latter years, has made us feel that he belonged to us. Nothing could be more appropriate than that such a service should be on a Friday evening; for it was here that we came closest to him, and heard his rich voice in speech and prayer and song and in incomparable repetition of the most majestic passages of Holy Scripture, on which his soul rested and soared as a bird rests and rises on the upper air. The room is full of his presence. We meet together, moved by one impulse, bound by one more tie, — a common affection, — that we may pay

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our tribute to this distinguished servant of men and of the Most High God.

Henry Johnson Patrick was born in Warren, Massachusetts, September 20, 1827. With characteristic humor he said at the Boston Ministers' Meeting that he was not consciously present at that time, but that he understood this to be the case. His father, Rev. Joseph H. Patrick, was pastor of the Congregational Church of Barrington, just over the Rhode Island border. He had married his cousin, Mary Patrick, of Warren, and this suggests why the child was a son of the Bay State. It is interesting to note that this child, robust in body, mind, and soul, could not in any way be made to fit in with certain theories in regard to the marriage of kin. One year later a sister was born. Dr. Patrick tells us that the first item of what we have recognized as

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a tenacious memory has to do with this little sister. He recalls vividly that at the age of three they played church; he stood on the floor and was the minister; she sat on the stairs and was the choir. His next recollection, just as vivid to him, was of the day not long after when his sister's form left the home. Henceforth, he tells us, he was under the disadvantage of being the only child. If the temptation to selfishness remained, as he says, an "inner enemy" all his days, it must, at least in these latter years when we all have known him, have had few victories to its credit.

The Rhode Island pastorate was followed by one in Greenwich in this State. Here the minister received the sum of four hundred dollars a year. But he was fortunate enough to own a house and four acres of land, on which, being

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a farmer by birth, he raised adequate supplies for his family, and on salary and lot together he succeeded in laying up money. In a letter which Dr. Patrick wrote the committee on "Old Home Week" in 1904, he recalls scenes of these Greenwich days. There is the "broad level common called the plain"; the ponds and streams on either side of the village; the hills beyond them, especially the Hardwick hill with its side all blue with huckleberries. There is the inn on the side of the common, at the head of which stands the old home; in the yard was the well with its curb and the old oaken bucket. There was the meeting-house, with its gallery on all four sides, and the pulpit aloft on pillars between the two entrance doors, a constant source of mystery as the minister opened a narrow door and

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disappeared until his head emerged high above the expectant eyes of the wondering children. There is the aged sexton limping his way across the common on a week day to toll the bell for the dead, one stroke for a man, two for a woman, three for a child, and then a stroke for every year. These were happy days, almost the only cloud lying in the fact that he was, so he says, "the only child of the only minister in town and expected to be so good." These Greenwich days made their indelible impression on the boy's mind. They continued to flash across the inward eye and be to the last a "bliss of solitude." As the end drew very near, he was back there again on the common, among old acquaintances, and he sang, at times a rollicking song, and was happy.

It was here that he began his musical education that was such a joy all his life,

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here in the old-fashioned winter singing school. He recalled a year ago the interest that he had, though he was not yet in his teens, in the transposition of the scale. About this time he was sent away to school to begin his Latin and Greek. His first year was spent at Belchertown, his second at Quaboag Seminary in Warren. At Belchertown his first roommate was a fellow by the name of Young, who had been a bartender in Worcester and who shocked him by his profanity, but who soon learned to restrain himself, says Dr. Patrick, "as we boarded with a good deacon who had family prayers." This George Young, who later gave his name to the Boston hotel, and his young roommate remained good friends and frequently talked over the former days. At Warren, his roommate was Francis H. Under-

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wood, who was later editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here also he found himself in the same Latin class with Miss Lucy Stone, who was already a reader of the *Liberator* and under the spell of Mr. Garrison. He tells us that many years later, on a street in New York, he met Miss Stone and listened, for the time overpowered, while in her sweet voice she denounced his profession, and called upon him to quit it and enter the work of reform.

At about the age of fourteen he found himself in Amherst, his parents having removed to that place that he might have the advantages of the academy and college. He entered the college in the class of '48. The story of his life there is a striking contrast to the story of the present-day student. In a speech to the Boston Alumni only ten months ago, he referred to the simple life of those days.

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“We had no luxuries to shorten life. Our gym was not confined to any four walls. The sky was its roof; and its ornament the ancient elm and oak. No swimming tank for us nor bath tubs in dormitories, but we had the whole Freshman river, pure and picturesque. Down cellar we had our sawhorse for morning and evening exercise, and the subsequent strengthening of arms, by the transfer of the white oak and green walnut of Pelham hills to the air-tights and open Franklins of our rooms.” In speaking of the early days of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Amherst, of which he was a charter member, he writes: “These beginnings cost us poor fellows money and hard manual work. We cannot forget the winter vacation when two of us gave our time to fitting up the room, turned ourselves into carpenters and

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masons, and kept a fire burning day and night to dry out the plastering." He adds, characteristically: "but it paid." The young student threw himself heart and soul into the college life. He joined the choir and learned to play the bass viol to help out the little wheezy organ. These were the days before glee clubs. He took a deep interest in public speaking and was a student of every orator who came to address the college or whom he could hear on other occasions, Everett, Cushing, Sumner, Choate, Bushnell, Gough, Webster. Here is one of his recollections:

"It was my special good fortune to hear Choate and Webster when they were pitted against each other at the courtroom at Northampton, upon a will case involving a large bequest. It was a hot summer day, and the room was crowded with Amherst students. Mr. Choate was

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a striking figure, tall and spare, with a pale, thin, haggard face and bright piercing eyes, a head covered with black ringlets on which the perspiration stood in drops like jewels, and when he shook his head a shower descended upon his papers. He spoke for an hour, and the jury were fastened to him. No old farmer dropped to sleep under the heat. He was the prince of intense oratory.

“Mr. Webster followed for sustaining the will. His bodily presence was impressive in size, with his large head as in his pictures. He stepped near the jury, and began talking to them familiarly as though they were old acquaintances. They listened to him with all their ears, and he did not rise into a single flight of eloquence that I remember. It was argument and fact which convinced them, and they gave him the verdict.”

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The year following his graduation from Amherst, he was principal of the high school in Conway, Massachusetts. Here he listened to the preaching of Samuel Harris, later Professor at Yale, and he learned more theology, he says, from those sermons than from the subsequent lectures in the Seminary. He entered Union Seminary, New York in 1849, and stayed there two years. Through singing tenor in churches in the city at three dollars a Sunday, and teaching music in a private school at one dollar an hour, he supported himself in the institution. He heard as many of the great preachers of the day as he could. These were exciting times, of which he was rich in reminiscence. Of a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, he says:

“The Broadway Tabernacle was filled to its utmost, even to the aisles. Mr.

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Garrison as usual was in the chair. Soon after the opening there was a stir, as a rough, burly man pushed his way through the crowd, followed by a line of men, and then marched up to the platform, and the leader commanded arrest of the meeting on the ground of treason. This was Capt. Isaiah Rhynders and the Empire Club. Here was a scene for an artist, as Mr. Garrison arose. I can see his calm, unmoved face under this severest provocation. The Hutchinsons in the gallery broke in with one of their ringing songs. A parley was arranged by which each party might have a speaker. Rhynders had his man, a doctor broken down, who made a dull speech to prove the negro to be an extension of the monkey. Then came the climax of the exciting occasion as Mr. Garrison called out the blackest negro I ever saw, Sam

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Ward by name, and he was equal to the time. It may be that memory adds a glow to the scene, but I think of it as one of the most eloquent speeches I ever heard and surely it was a practical victory for the negro."

Here he had one of the greatest joys of his life, in listening to Jenny Lind. Of her singing he says: "Never anything before or since that has equaled it in these ears." Of her "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he says: "That *know* runs still through my heart."

But Union did not altogether satisfy, and we find the theological student at Andover for the completion of his course. After his graduation and a half year as teacher at Merrimack Normal Institute, he entered the work which he had chosen. He was ordained at the Congregational Church in Bedford, November 15, 1854,

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and was its pastor for six years. Here he entered vigorously upon his three-fold work as preacher, pastor, and citizen. He was particularly interested in work for boys and girls. He once said in reply to the question: "What is the most repaying service in your life?" "More tangible testimonies are coming to me in the evening of my life from what I have done for the young than from any other efforts." He refers particularly to the Band of Hope which he founded in Bedford, the bond of which was a pledge against ardent spirits, tobacco, and profanity. Of that he says: "The echoes of the good wrought by that organization reach my ears, multiplying from many in middle life, in stations of responsibility and usefulness." In going back to preach the sermon fifty years after his ordination, fifty men and women of this

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band gathered from all the country round and expressed their love and gratitude through a delightful gift. One of that band, writing to the old pastor on his eightieth birthday, says: "Among the pleasantest memories of my life are my boyhood days, and the good times we enjoyed when you were our pastor and leader. I am sure no minister of our little Bedford church ever has, during its entire history, made a more lasting impression for good than was made by you upon the generation whose good fortune it was to come under your ministry." Mr. Patrick was a member of the school committee, and was one year its chairman. He organized and was a leading spirit in conducting a Lyceum. His reminiscences in connection with this course are to many of us like a perfumed breeze from a far-away field. "This was the

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starting of the Lyceum, and we were compelled to appeal for the lowest price. Mr. Emerson, living in the neighboring town, gave his lecture, asking nothing; and Thoreau reduced his price for his 'Wild Apples'; Dr. Holmes would come for ten dollars if he could sleep in his own bed, and he did; Wendell Phillips abated nothing and we gave him twenty-five dollars for his 'Lost Arts'; and others were considerate of our condition."

During the pastorate at Bedford he represented his town in the General Court. You will want to hear his own words about this experience:

"One Saturday evening while writing my sermon, a delegation of three men appeared in my study. They came from a Republican caucus to ask if I would allow the use of my name as a candidate for representative to the General Court.

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I answered at once, 'No. I cannot ride two horses and one is enough.' Then followed the plea that if I would not, then a man would get it who was a license man and drank. 'You can have it if you consent.' For the cause I yielded and was elected and went down and breathed the bad air of the old State House for six months. This gave me a peep behind the scenes. It so disgusted me with politics that I have not gotten over it yet, and the overture for a second term was declined. The lobby was a sickening sight, suggesting an added prayer to the Litany, 'From those who make politics their business, good Lord, deliver us.'"

In the latter part of the summer of 1860 he finished his work in this old town of his first pastorate, having received a call to the church at West New-

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ton. Between his dismissal from the old "field" and his coming to the new, there occurred the most important event that had happened to him since his birth, viz., his marriage on September 13, 1860, to Miss Martha Arms Loomis. From that moment we record in his life and doings the story of two lives, singularly one in aim and spirit. The spirit that he exemplified in his active work, and still more conspicuously in the days of his affliction, was not merely paralleled by, but also in no small degree dependent upon, a like spirit in her whose one great aim and care was his joy and welfare, and the success of all his labors.

Of this long pastorate, covering thirty-four years, to which may be added the fifteen years in which he served the church as pastor emeritus, it is impossible to speak adequately. Nor is it necessary

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that I should make the attempt. Many of you are more familiar with those long years of work than I am. He lived the life of a busy, consecrated city minister. With the problems and labors of such a field you are all acquainted, — at least in part. He came to Newton when the city numbered little more than eight thousand people. The church was small, there were only one hundred and thirty-four names upon the roll. He left it large and strong. During his ministry six hundred and fifty people united with the church. The church building was remodeled and enlarged and a parsonage was erected. The one hundredth anniversary was observed with appropriate exercises. His parish labors of love were abundant. He was a beautiful pastor, especially to those who needed him most, a friend, full of sympathy and tenderness, to all who

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were in trouble or in any kind of need. Here again he took great interest in work with the young. The children gathered frequently in the parsonage for good times and instruction, especially in missions. Once a year the "Pine Farm Boys" were entertained at his home. He made much of the ministry of music. He was a preacher of force and power. His central message was man's redemption through the love of Jesus Christ. He was not afraid to speak much of *salvation*, for that he conceived to be the end of all preaching. He was positive in his utterances. He recognized that he knew only "in part," but he preached that part as emphatically as he could. After thirty years in the ministry, he says: "I note a renewed confidence in the faithful preaching of the vital truths of the Gospel." During this pastorate there were

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several "seasons" of evangelistic meetings, held with success. Dr. Patrick interested himself in whatever concerned the welfare of the city and West Newton. He was a foremost figure in promoting the old Lyceum. There may be some of you who remember his bright address in one of these lecture courses, "A Parson's Side Sights." One of the most humorous of his addresses was an essay before the Horticultural Society, on "The Moral Uses of Horticulture," which was printed in full in the *Transcript*. Of this long, rich pastorate, the present pastor of the church has recently said: "There are many among us still who remember those years with thankfulness and joy. After a long life of usefulness he is at rest. We build upon his foundations."

One beautiful labor to which he gave

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himself during this pastorate was his work for the Union soldier as a delegate on the Christian Commission. You will wish to hear, in part at least, his own "Memories" of that service:

"In January, 1865, I left my peaceful home in West Newton for service in the Army of the Potomac, as a delegate of the Christian Commission. At South Framingham I was joined by Rev. Mr. McLean and Deacon Bigelow. We stopped over at Philadelphia to receive at headquarters our orders and papers and a graceful metal badge and blank books for diary. At Baltimore we took the boat for Fortress Monroe. Here broke in upon us on board the visible signs of war in the uniformed soldier, the accouterments and the arms and provisions for the army. We passed the wreck of the *Merrimack* and sailed up the James

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and reached City Point. Passing the site of old Jamestown we landed at City Point, General Grant's headquarters. We had the new experience of Virginia mud, deep and sticky, for a half mile. This brought us to the headquarters of the Commission for the Army of the Potomac, with its separate buildings for chapel, storeroom, reading-room, stockades for lodgings, and dining-room and cook rooms, arranged in two parallel lines. In front was the Base Hospital of the Army of the Potomac, with fifty acres of sick, wounded, dying, and recovering soldiers. I was assigned to the 5th Corps Hospital, for which I was glad, as it included our Newton company. The end of the first day's service found me broken down and broken up, and when I came in I said to the superintendent, Mr. Cole, and to Mr. Ashley, his assistant,

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‘I can’t stand this. You must let me go back to-morrow.’ ‘Oh, no,’ they answered, ‘you’ve made the common mistake. You are not here to sympathize with these men, and condole with them, but you are here to cheer them up, to get them up out of the valley and not go down with them the deeper. Try it on to-morrow.’ I continued in it for eight weeks and became much interested in my men in my daily round among them. There was a constant change, a going and a coming. It was my habit to visit the morgue every morning to see if any of my boys had passed away in the night. There were cases of special interest to me. I would write letters to their homes at their dictation. Detention amid these surroundings made them despondent, for they preferred to be at the front or on furlough. I had more than I could do

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to drive out the blues. It was pleasant to be called to varied services along the front, as the dedication of chapels and special meetings. Evenings were given to a class of colored men in a kind of school, great, tall fellows, eager to learn to read. It was interesting to see how tickled they were to get hold of a word; they would laugh right out. One of them did this when he got his tongue round the word wisdom, and I asked him if he knew what it meant. He said, 'Oh, yes, it means to have a heap of sense.'

"The second action at Hatcher's Run took place so that the train with the wounded came in the twilight of one morning. It was cold, icy, miserable, and we had our hot coffee ready for the poor fellows. This was the worst side of war that we saw. Some had expired and were borne away; some were severely

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wounded and others slightly. One fellow held up his leg, and showed a bullet hole through it, and said, 'Isn't that a fancy hole, but it will give me what I have been wanting.' It was common for a bright sparkle of humor to break forth from many a cot as I came to it.

"Two men were confined in the prison at City Point while I was there, who were condemned to be hung for desertion. One was a New Hampshire boy, who from sheer homesickness had run away and was taken at his home and brought back. The other was a bounty jumper, and was a confirmed criminal. They were to be executed the same morning. One was accessible to the chaplain, full of emotion, and expressed penitence. The other turned a deaf ear, wanted none of the 'darned stuff' as he called it. The night before the execution was to take

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place a reprieve came from Washington for the penitent boy, which was read to him, and he burst into tears and exclaimed, 'I will do everything I can for my country,' and he fulfilled his promise to the end of the war."

We are indebted to Mr. C. C. Carpenter, of Andover, for this little picture of Mr. Patrick at this time: "I remember seeing you in the Army of the Potomac distributing tracts among the soldiers, and I have as evidence a picture of you in an army scrap-book, in front of the Christian Commission chapel, with a big knapsack hanging over your shoulder." How easy it is to see with our imagination that stalwart figure in uniform.

In 1895 Dr. Patrick took up his residence in Newtonville, became one of us in spirit and interest, as well as in wor-

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ship, and joined in all our enterprises as far as his infirmities would permit him. He never retired from service. Newtonville was familiar ground to him. He had watched its growth, especially the growth of Central Church, with whose beginnings he was so closely linked. He was frequently present at the house meetings that preceded its real formation. The first paragraph of our church manual reads, in part, "Rev. H. J. Patrick, of West Newton, rendered invaluable assistance to the enterprise from its beginning by his cheering presence at the meetings and his constant aid and advice." When the first house of worship, on the corner of Washington Street and Central Avenue, was opened, April 5, 1868, he preached the first sermon. When, in the following September, the church was formally organized and the first pastor installed,

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he gave the charge to the people. Not long after, at a reception at Mr. Littlefield's, the church presented him with a large engraving which he ever prized. So when he came to us he really came to a kind of foster child, to a people who from the first looked upon him as a benign father.

Considering his infirmity, these fourteen years were remarkably full of activity and service. He continued to perform many a service in the old parish. He married and buried and baptized and called. He preached many sermons in many pulpits, and was always desired again. He took part with frequency in anniversaries and installations. He was present to take active part in meetings of ministers and churches. He became a kind of pastor-at-large. Honors and recognitions poured in upon him in the

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way of public and private tributes. In 1900, when the North Church was settling its present minister, at their reception to him to which Dr. Patrick was bidden, they presented to him as a token of their appreciation of what he had done for them the Morris chair which he found such a continual comfort during these last years. He helped them to their feet and they helped him to rest. In 1904 he went to old Bedford, his "first love," and preached the sermon at the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the ministry, and received the homage of a people that had not ceased to revere the man who had gone from them forty-four years before. As I have said before, these were years when he found himself entering into his reward, the reward that is reserved for those who love and serve mankind.

Greatest of all these days, probably,

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was September 20, 1907, for on this eightieth birthday there came to him more than one hundred and forty letters of appreciation and congratulation. From high and low they came, from rich and poor, from old and young, bearing their burden of love and loyalty, giving him their praise and prayers. They are a wonderful witness of the way in which a man may wrap himself about the lives of people. As one reads them one feels anew the force of the Master's injunction: "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." From some of these letters I have already quoted; from others I am yet to borrow.

What shall we say of this man, whom we have so greatly loved? First of all, and all the time, he was a great *human*.

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He loved people and everything that pertained to them. He loved the earth and every good and beautiful thing upon it. He was one of the pioneers into the Adirondack wilderness, and to the last loved to recall gay days in the wild woods. He enjoyed living and he lived abundantly. He was blessed with good health all his days, and so could enter vigorously into all that interested him. He did not need to deny himself the human things that he loved. He was genuinely interested in people and in what they were doing. With all his love for preaching, and his fitness for that work, he probably found the greatest joy in his work in meeting people and having to do directly with them. His cordiality was irresistible. Tradesmen and craftsmen who belonged neither to his church nor his communion found him a good friend and a congenial

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and helpful neighbor. The bond between him and his fellow ministers was peculiarly tender and strong. At the heart of their affection for him lay devotion and reverence. I spoke a moment ago of the picture that Central Church gave him forty years ago. It is called "The Village Preacher." A robust and kindly minister stands on the green beside his church in the little English town. About him are gathered a company of his people, largely children, the aged, and those of humbler rank. Trust and affection are written on every face. He is their friend and they all know it. They have come to him without fear, each with his own story, desiring sympathy and help, and sure of both. It seems to me that the picture was most appropriate and is a fitting portrayal of Dr. Patrick's own eminence. Rev. Alexander Mc-

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Kenzie recently said of him: "He came quite near my idea of the Christian minister. He believed and stood squarely on the things he knew. I believe the steady, old-fashioned minister was the best minister for men, women, and children. They should find rest in the sanctuary. . . . If I were to choose for myself and my children a pastor, I should pass by the great genius of the imagination and rest under Dr. Patrick."

Dr. Patrick was essentially a broad-minded man. At the same time he was a man of deep and positive conviction. He had strong feelings, and did not hesitate to show them on occasion. He loved truth as well as men, but he hesitated to sacrifice men on the altar of truth. He had faith enough in truth to believe that she would vindicate herself, if we were only patient. His humor kept him from

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taking his own opinions and what he regarded as other people's errors too seriously. It gave him perspective. He was trained in an older theological school than the majority of the men with whom he found himself in his later years. He was at times troubled not a little by the modern trend. It was hard for him to accept the newer conception of the Bible and inspiration. He never accepted it in full. He clung to the old terminology. At times he has spoken belligerently in defense of the former things. But he was in no sense of the word bigoted. Two things made that impossible. First, his love for men, of which I have already spoken. He believed that other men were as honest as he was, that therefore their opinions were entitled to respect. He believed that a man's purpose was of greater moment than any view that

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he might hold on a theological point. A minister of a neighboring church who sought licensure not many years after the Andover controversy bears significant testimony in a letter to Dr. Patrick: "When I was fresh from the seminary, I came to Boston to seek licensure from the Suffolk West Association. They gave me a more severe examination than is common nowadays. I had Greek and Hebrew and Church History and Theology to be questioned upon. And I went along all right until it came to the theological questions. Then some of the bright Boston ministers began quizzing me, setting some kind of a trap for my unwary feet. And I remember very clearly how you spoke up and protested against playing that kind of game."

His attitude in voting for the installation of Dr. Gordon, whose opinions on

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many a point he could not for a moment accept, reveals his breadth. A letter to Dr. Gordon in March of the present year, on the occasion of the latter's twenty-fifth anniversary, is characteristic in many points and illustrative of his broad spirit. It was in part as follows:

“So quickly and unconsciously have these twenty-five years passed that in fresh, unfading colors I look to-day on that memorable picture of the Council in the Old South Chapel, in its session when you were weighed in the balances, and it may be safe at this distance and my age to reveal a personal experience of the occasion.

“Finding myself in somewhat of a quandary with my conservative temperament, but distinctly inclining to the victory of the good heart which the right mind follows, I took refuge, in my shirking propensity, to allow one whose judgment was more unerring than my own to settle the question for me, and this was made providential, as such a man

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happened to sit in front of me in the person of Dr. N. G. Clark, renowned for wisdom and safety, and so I followed suit and have never had nor expect to have any regret for my confidence in his decision.

“If [a certain] good brother whom I esteemed so highly had yielded to the judgment of many of his friends, we should have been spared one memory of the day that marred the occasion, and his service would have gone out to the world as gracious and Christian and redounded to his credit for Christian fellowship.

“I am minded to tell you an incident that was ‘one on me.’ It was at the dedication of the enlarged church at Newton Center. I was to make the prayer and Dr. Wellman to preach the sermon, Dr. Furber being in Europe. The sermon followed the prayer, and as I turned and caught sight of Dr. Wellman, it flashed over me, ‘Why, there, I forgot the man who was to preach the sermon.’ I said to him, ‘I beg your pardon, Brother Wellman, I forgot you in my prayer.’ Very quickly he responded,

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as though for my relief, 'It won't make the slightest difference.' I leave the application with you."

Only a broad-minded man could have voted as he did or have written that letter.

A second characteristic that prevented him from having the too narrow spirit was his open mind. He received his schooling in an earlier time, but he never ceased his efforts at education. He was a student of contemporary thought to the very last. His eagerness to keep pace with what men were saying and writing was most impressive. He was to the end a growing man. He had read to him the most advanced thought on matters theological. In this way he really became more liberal than he knew. He grew to accept many positions to which at first he could not have given place for a moment. In his open-mindedness

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and industry he became an example for many a younger man, both in his own profession and outside of it. His vocabulary, and to a great degree his point of approach, remained that of an older time, but his spirit was emphatically and pronouncedly that of a modern man. In giving him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1890, Amherst College justly recognized not merely his great service to the church and the cause of religion but also his scholarly spirit.

Dr. Patrick was a man of true humility. He not seldom referred to his lack of this quality as when, in the reminiscences to which I have frequently alluded, he said: "In this ventilation of autobiography I crave your sympathy in the sacrifice of a modesty you have doubtless failed to detect but yet is a real possession." He was quite right. Modesty

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was a real possession. There was no mock humility about him, under which egoism so often masquerades. But he had the disposition to be interested in others more than in himself. He had a way of turning the conversation quickly so that it might relate to the one to whom he was speaking. He could not be led into talking about himself for long. He was happiest in talking of his visitor's affairs. The letters that came to him on his eightieth birthday really overcame him. It was hard to become accustomed to this attention. In a letter to me he expresses himself thus: "Think of me as of the friend of your early youth who

Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And cried, 'What a good boy am I!'

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So when I get blue and hungry all I have to do is to pull out of my box a rich plum of sweet taffy."

Another notable quality was his youthfulness, seen in his ability to form new habits and to adjust himself to new conditions in his old age, as well as in his interest in everything. It may surprise some, as it did me, to learn that he had during all his ministry been accustomed to use manuscript. When his sight began to fail he was urged to speak without the manuscript, but he expressed fear that he could not do so. It was hard to change his method of work after so many years, but he made the change, thus increasing his effectiveness. At eighty years of age, handicapped by blindness, at a time of life when most people in full possession of their sight would not have thought of such an under-

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taking, he learned to use the typewriter, and on it wrote literally hundreds of letters.

I have already spoken incidentally of his humor. But one should speak of that more than incidentally. It was an ingredient of his nature to which both he and others owed a great deal. He loved fun and was always ready for, and ready with, a rollicking joke. And this gift of humor is in many a difficulty and temptation a "saving sense." No one needs it more than the minister, that he may be armed against both adulation and criticism. In a delightful letter the late Dr. Plumb speaks of Dr. Patrick's ability to devise humorous things: "You are an acknowledged genius in this gift. To prove this let me quote here some words I wrote in September, 1876, thirty-one years ago — when, as secre-

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tary of a ministers' society, I was giving the rating of the members in their various qualities.

“But higher far than mere good looks,
More pleasing too than lore from books,
That sparkling gift of mother Wit,
Which never wounds though hard we're hit.
For laughter kind and humor jolly
Avail to cure some kinds of folly.
A large appreciative view
Of all to human nature due,
Must reign supreme within that heart
Whose wit can cure our inward smart.
There's one good, easy, genial friend,
Contrives how oft our gloom to end;
That honest, fat, good-natured man,
In wit, St. Patrick, leads the clan.”

This signal faculty for seeing the humorous and “devising” the humorous, together with his perennial youthfulness,

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made Dr. Patrick to the very end a favorite speaker at Amherst dinners. Only last February he made the most telling speech of the evening at the Boston dinner.

This brings us to the most outstanding quality in his life, — his cheerfulness. Humor and cheer are far from being synonymous. The humorous man not seldom dies of melancholia. Humor is largely a gift; cheerfulness in its true and best sense is an attainment. It is often dependent upon outward circumstances, yet it is not bound up with their fate. Those who have known Dr. Patrick for many years can bear witness that he maintained in the years of his great affliction the same sunny disposition that marked him when he was in the keen enjoyment of every faculty. This is perhaps the more noteworthy because he did enjoy every sense

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so abundantly. At the fortieth anniversary of Dr. McKenzie's ministry, Dr. Patrick wrote him a beautiful letter in which he referred to one that Dr. McKenzie had written him when the dark days, *i.e.*, dark without, were coming on apace. He says in part:

“But I have a more personal and precious memory which makes me question — after you have rehearsed your story on Sunday and heard the brethren tell on the anniversary evening of the good you have done, chiefly emphasizing your preaching, and rightly, — will you realize the unreported, forgotten things, the mass of testimonies out of sight, out of hearing, and hence out of mind, — a part of your life which should not be passed over without due credit? And I should like to take the stand, break the silence, and testify, in an illustration, one item of contribution out of my experience.

“It was an awfully blue day with me. The shadows were coming over my eyes;

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the world was receding from my sight — no more vision of sun, moon, or stars, of fruits, flowers, and trees, even the faces of my family across the breakfast table unrecognized. Down into the depths I sunk, till all seemed black and blank. Then came a letter to hand. It was opened and my wife read it to me and your name as the subscriber. This was a surprise. ‘Can it be,’ I exclaimed, ‘that he has been thinking of me in my calamity, that brother absorbed in manifold duties! Has he turned aside to write me this letter?’ Here was the first uplift; and then my wife must read it over. It was a beautiful letter, full of sympathy, comfort, and good cheer. It touched my heart, brought tears to eyes out of which sight was departing. Do you suppose I can ever forget the good that letter brought to me at that day of my life? I did not put it in the waste basket. It was filed away, but the contents were written on my heart. It brought me up out of the depths and ministered to the grace of submission with the minimum of rebellion. So I want to thank you, and have you think

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that out of the witnesses that could be called to the stand to give like testimony, this is my one illustration of the good wrought by the unnumbered letters of like import which you have sent forth.

“Who can measure influence, letters written, words spoken, communion of spirit? Who can tell the story of these forty years in the unreported deeds thereof? Shall we ever know it all? We must wait till the books are opened and the light of the heavenly world shall reveal the invisible deeds of to-day. Then we may hear additions to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew: ‘I was downcast and ye lifted me up, I was despondent and ye gave me good cheer. I was despairing and ye brought me the dawn of hope. I was in darkness and ye led me into the light.’

“I congratulate you not only for the success of these forty years, but for the good things in store for you when time is no longer.

“Pardon the great length of this letter. I did not mean it should be so long, but, like Eliphaz of old, I am full of matter, with plenty of leisure and a garrulous

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habit which increases with age. Both of us are journeying toward the setting sun, and in the course of nature the end cannot be far away. The mystery of the coming change increases as I approach it, and I have times when I wish the ground of my assurance was as solid as yours when you step over into the unseen and untried."

If there was "rebellion" we have not seen it. We have only seen the spirit of courage and good cheer. We have wondered at the abundance of inward light that could keep him so full of sunshine, when the shutters were drawn so tightly over the outward eye. We have marveled at his patience, doubtless knowing only vaguely how hard it was for one so thoroughly alive and so active in spirit to be bound so fast by fetters, that there was no hope of breaking. As he addressed the ministers a year ago, he

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expressed himself as “speaking into the darkness and silence around me,” and yet it was without complaint or sighing. We have heard him say, “Eye-gate closed; ear-gate nearly closed,” yet with scarcely a cadence to indicate that his lot was heavy. He has been a lesson to us all. We have learned from him the beauty, if we have not gained the secret, of a life in which the inward world wins the mastery over the outward. He has shown us that the king’s son may be “all glorious within,” though his outer world be dark enough.

We shall not find the secret of such good cheer until we trace it back to his faith. Here was the corner-stone of the beautiful building of his life. His house was founded upon a Rock; his feet rested on everlasting foundations that could not be shaken. He knew that his

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Redeemer lived, and he lived daily with that Redeemer. "All that pertains to life," he once wrote, "may be simply divided into the things we cannot help, and the things we can help. Why worry about the first, since we are relieved of all responsibility for them? — and about the latter we should not fret because we can and we should help them. So we gain relief, and do our duty. But there is something higher and better than our philosophy, more efficacious as a remedy, even the providence of God, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. How often do the lessons of history teach us to be calm and undisturbed by the most threatening omens, and how often the issue is a protest against our worry and foreboding." He had the triumphant faith that all of life's events could be transformed into spiritual values, which are the real values.

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The outer eye was darkened but the inward eye became brighter day by day. He saw the invisible things. His ear became dull but he was not deaf; for he heard the voices that are too near for sound. He could lose all that eye and ear could tell him and yet live in a world full of lovely sights and sounds. He could be fettered by his infirmity and yet not be restless, because there was so much that was restful within. In his faith we find, as he found, the secret of his peace. As we think of him and the visions that he has opened to us, we can say with his friend Dr. Arthur Little: "How much better *not* to have eyes and yet *see*, than to have them and *not see*."

What a striking parallel there exists between his life and that of his father, of whom the devoted son gave us the following little picture: "He will be

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remembered as a sincere, faithful minister of the gospel, appealing more to experience than to argument to convince and lead men to Christ. He made the impression upon every one that he *felt* what he said. He was a man of sunny temperament, this being an inheritance from his father before him, and often a quiet humor betrayed itself in his playful responses. He took special delight in the service of song. With no apparent pain and no struggle, he breathed his life out as a child falls to sleep. The end of the good man was in consistency with himself. Through all the days of his confinement he was in a waiting posture, childlike, submissive, and hopeful, with a constant outlook to the other world. He was most interested, even to the last, in the affairs of the church. Another peculiarity of these last weeks was the

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repetition of hymns learned in his youth. Waking up at midnight, and finding himself restless, he would commence to repeat the loved hymns of former years, and show a wonderful facility in reviving what had been lost to him for a long period."

To live as Dr. Patrick lived is to solve the problem of human life. He has won the victory and gained the crown. He fought a good fight, he finished the long course, he kept the faith against all odds. And every man knows in his heart the rewards laid up for such a victory. He has gone from our outward eye, yet we see him day by day. New words of experience will not fall from his lips, but the old will remain ever new. He will not reveal new secret things which his inward eye has discerned in the treasury of Holy Writ, but we shall see over and

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over again the new things which he has already pointed out to us. We shall not hear his rich voice in song, but we shall sing the songs better because we have seen what they meant to his soul. We shall not be lifted up with his prayers, but how often as we pray we shall think of him and be lifted up.

We are a happy people to have had him among us. We are grateful to God for the privilege. We know better how to meet life, to undertake its conquest and bear its burdens. We know better the supremacy of spiritual things. We are surer that courage and sunshine and charity and benevolence are the things that men love. We know better that the unselfish life is the open sesame to the doors of the human heart. We know better that faith is the substance of all true, brave living.

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We rejoice in his glorious victory. We can sing of his triumph. We take comfort in our assurance, which he made more sure, that while our beloved friend and minister for so long saw as through a glass darkly, now he sees face to face.

This is a little of what his life has meant to us. If he were to say what life meant to him, he would doubtless choose some such words as these, with which he closed his sermon at Bedford at the fortieth anniversary of his installation:

“I thank Thee, Lord, for using me,
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

“For those to whom, through me,
Thou hast some heavenly guidance given.
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

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“O, honor! higher, truer far,
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used in work like this,
So long by such a king!”

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